

10-27-1997

Columbia Chronicle (10/27/1997)

Columbia College Chicago

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle



Part of the [Journalism Studies Commons](#)



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "Columbia Chronicle (10/27/1997)" (October 27, 1997). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/390

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at Digital Commons @ Columbia College Chicago. It has been accepted for inclusion in Columbia Chronicle by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Columbia College Chicago.

The Chronicle

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

Vol. XXXI, No.5

www5.interaccess.com/chronicle

October 27, 1997

A million march to a woman's beat

By Leon Tripplett
Senior Writer

ROAD TO PHILADELPHIA—After a three-hour wait, with "mad as hell passengers," Bus 205 departed from Chicago State University on Friday evening by agonizing inches at first, heading east through the heart of three states to the "City of Brotherly Love"—Philadelphia.

The excitement of the 50 or so "mad passengers" belied their analytical zeal. They knew the road to the Million Woman March will be a grueling 14-hour drive with limited stops.

"Do you need me to drive," badgers Betty Jones, a woman in her mid 30s and a student at Chicago State University to the bus driver.

The women's frustration over the long wait to get on the road ebbs as the bus driver, a black man with salt and pepper hair and sporting a goatee, reassures they "were on the way".

The blockbuster hit "What's Love Got to Do With It?" suddenly pierces the air and is the perfect icebreaker for these black women journeying to the state of Pennsylvania.

"Turn it up," one passenger yells to the bus driver as Angela Bassett, playing Tina Turner, takes the mike and bellows out words that to these black women represents femininity at its best.

No talk of the Million Woman March is heard. It's still pregnant in the minds of the women as the bus lumbers onto Interstate 90 going east. After all, they've got a lot of time to think about it.

The platform of the grassroots rally is "repentance, resurrection and restoration." The call for the 1 million to convene in Philadelphia has created scant attention from mainstream

media. Those on the bus are keenly aware of that.

Jones, an animated woman in her mid 30s who is sitting in the rear of the bus, says if big names like Louis Farrakhan had called the march, it would have received greater press attention.

"Louis Farrakhan is an attention grabber - This was organized by women who the press doesn't know," says Jones as several other women shout their approval.

But Maxine Morgan thought the Million Woman March was inspired by the black men who massed two years ago in the nation's capital to atone to God for their aggression.

"It touched me that all of these black men could come together and see how strong of a people we really are," she says, trying hard to fight back tears.

"I was supporting people I didn't even know at the Million Man March but I knew I had to support our black men," she adds.

An hour has passed, and the women on bus 205 are still wide awake with their eyes fixated on the six video monitors displaying Angela Bassett getting tough with Lawrence Fishburne as Ike Turner.

Meanwhile, Sonja Wolfe is starting to sketch some notes on her reporter's pad.

Wolfe is on assignment for Chicago State University's Tempo newspaper, covering the odyssey of these women. She's occasionally interrupted by the TV and belches out, "Yeah, Tina, you tell him, girl."

Her thoughts of the Million Woman March is just as theatrical. "I'm sick and tired of men giving us excuses," she says.

See March, page 4



Photo by Brian Matras

Mecca Brooks, a media management major, prepares for Million Women March held in Philadelphia

Thefts plague Wabash building

Rash of stolen items reported by students, staff

By Eva Boyer
Staff Writer

A word of warning hangs on Interpreter Training instructor Edna Johnston's office door: "Robbers Are Not Welcome Here."

It's not everyday someone feels compelled to post such a message. But Edna just got a crash course in what it feels like to be robbed. Her second-floor office in the Wabash building was broken into on Oct. 20 between 12:30 p.m. and 1:45 p.m. while she was teaching a

class. This makes her the latest victim in a recent rash of thefts that have taken place in the Wabash building.

Edna didn't notice at first. It wasn't until she needed some money out of her jacket pocket that she realized it wasn't hanging on the hook where she had placed it that morning. Missing, too, was \$180 she had stashed in the jacket pocket and a canvas bag.

"I cried my eyes out," said Edna. "My office is like my home—a security for me."

Edna no longer feels safe leaving her belongings in her office. When she goes to class, she brings them with her, and whenever someone walks into her office, she feels on guard. "I can't trust anybody," said Edna. "I am so afraid. It feels like I was raped."

Cinderella Branch, assistant coordinator with interpreting services, knows how it feels like to be robbed, too. She questions if the individual is getting information from the class schedules posted on the wall in the lobby. "We are being watched," she said.

Edna has some reservations about the way security handled the theft. After reporting the crime, Edna felt security was very lax and their reaction time was very slow. The theft wasn't

discovered until three or four hours after it had occurred, and there were no witnesses.

"If a full description is given, security is put on the case," said Martha Meegan-Linehan, director of administration. "Who was there and who has access to the offices are questions being investigated."

An earlier incident occurred Oct. 16 during a dance class on the second floor of the Wabash building. When the class was in progress, an individual entered the classroom and stole a student's purse.

The purse contained a wallet with cash and a cellular phone. The wallet and purse were later recovered without the cash and the phone.

School security officials may have a lead thanks to an Interpreter Training/Music Business major who told security that she saw a man enter an empty classroom on the second floor.

The man stayed in the room with the light off for a few minutes before he came out and tried to enter another classroom, but the door was locked. The student last saw the man heading in the direction of the dance studio.

Shortly after, the security was notified of the theft.

According to school officials, it appears the individual comes into a classroom disguised as a student. He would sit in the class.

See Theft, page 3



A view from
the front lines

At left, some of the destruction of city of Mostar brought on by the conflict in Bosnia that has been captured on film by Columbia student Vesna Bozic. A profile on Bozic's work is on page two.

INSIDE

Features

Thrills in
Haunted houses

Page 12



Features

Boogie night!!

Page 14



Sports

The state of
baseball as pastime

Back page



The Chronicle of Columbia
College Chicago
623 S. Wabash Ave., Suite 205
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Main Line (312) 344-7343
Photography (312) 344-7732
Advertising (312) 344-7432
Features (312) 344-7521
Fax (312) 427-3920

Web Address
www5.interaccess.com/chronicle
E-mail Address
Chron96@interaccess.com

Chronicle Staff Members

Editor-in-Chief
Mema Ayi

Managing Editor
Robert Stevenson

News Editor
Rui Kaneya

Assistant News Editor
Dan Bischoff

Opinion Editor
Chuck Jordan

Features Editor
Michelle DuFour

Assistant Feature Editor
Jason Kravarik

Design Editor
Rob England

Photography Editor
Blair Fredrick

Assistant Photography Editor
Brian Markiewicz

Special Section Editor
James Boozer

Advertising Manager
Amy Pickle

Web Page Editor
Mark Dascoli

Assistant Web Page Editor
Bernhard Larsson

Copy Editors
Jerry LaBuy
Eileen La Valle
Michelle Pocock

Senior Writer
Leon Tripplett

Staff Writers
Tanisha Allen
Eva Boyer
Andrew J. Bradley
Amy Pugh
Glen Raj
Sheryl Tirol
Horace Toombs
Kat Zeman

Staff Photographers
Vincent Johnson
Jo Machado
Stacey Weber
Stacy Morgan
Marc Tobin

Faculty Advisor
Jim Sulski

The Chronicle is a student produced newspaper. It is published on Mondays during the spring and summer semesters. All articles, photos and graphics printed in this, past or future publications may not be reproduced without the written permission from *The Chronicle*. Views expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the Journalism Department or Columbia College Chicago.

Bosnia: At the Front Lines of War



Above: A bombed out building covered with graffiti in Mostar, Bosnia. Left: Vesna Bozic, outside Sarajevo, Bosnia (July, 1993).

All photos courtesy of Vesna Bozic

By Dan Bischoff
Assistant News Editor

Imagine for a moment leaving behind a loved one, a safe home, a steady job and all things secure—to be hurled into the front lines of war. In 1992, Vesna Bozic, currently a Columbia College senior majoring in journalism, did just that.

Studying journalism at Columbia College in 1991-92 when the war in the former Yugoslavia was escalating enough to grab world attention, Bozic began to see an opportunity she couldn't pass up.

"I was chasing my dream job to become a foreign war correspondent," said Bozic, who came to Chicago with her Bosnian-Serb parents in 1971 at the age of 3. "I felt with my background and my ability to speak the language, that this would be my big break."

Driven both by excitement and enthusiasm, Bozic contacted the Associated Press office in Vienna, Austria, and as she expected, the AP offered her a free-lancing job.

"By the time I got to Belgrade, the AP office was swamped with reporters. It was practically impossible to move around Bosnia as a freelance writer without equipment, such as a cellular telephone and other high-tech gadgets," said Bozic.

After awhile Bozic began translating for all foreign correspondents including those with Reuters and Newsweek. Later, she was hired by Reuters as an editorial assistant.

After establishing herself in Belgrade, Bozic started to travel throughout Serbia, Bosnia, Croatia, Vojvodina, Kosovo and Montenegro. Quickly becoming familiar with the surrounding countryside, Bozic would get paid \$100 a day acting as a guide

or interpreter for reporters, and paid \$300 a day if there was any active fighting in the area.

"I often get asked if I was scared when I mention my travels throughout the Balkans during some of the heaviest fighting," said Bozic. "I wasn't scared. I was terrified! Serbian Snipers would shoot at any U.N. vehicle or armored personnel carrier that passed by them. Every night when I would go to sleep, I would be exhausted and very happy to be alive."

The strains of being in the throes of the

The Serbians viewed me as a traitor because I spoke out against the war. Just because I'm a Serb does not mean I agree with what the Balkans, Bozic was involved in the anti-war movement. "Women were the driving force behind the anti-war movement in Croatia, Bosnia and Serbia," Bozic said. "The anti-war movement was the only factor over there that brought me any kind of sanity. Both Serbian women and Croatian women saw women being trapped in the middle of political battles. They worked toward non-conflict resolution as a means to end the war. The women's movement was the only one that publicly demonstrated against the war."

Bozic returned to Chicago in July, 1996, with a husband whom she had met during her stay in Belgrade and a surplus of memories.

Today, Bozic is working full-time at the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of Chicago as an External Affairs Assistant in the Governmental Relations Department.

Bozic is also a full-time student in Columbia's journalism department and excited about her June '98 graduation. For now, Bozic said she wants to enjoy having a "normal life."

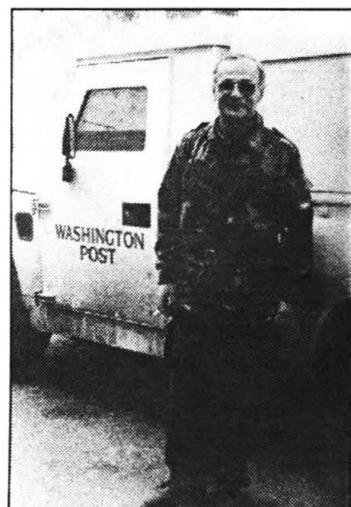
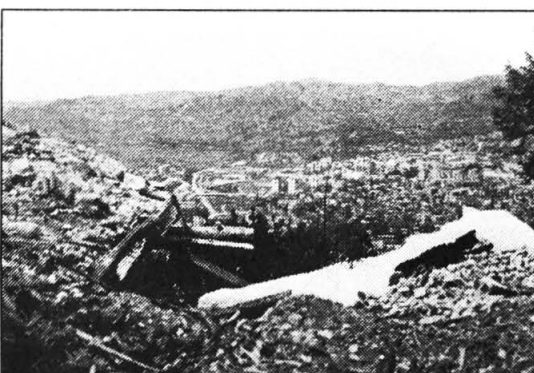


war-torn Balkans slowly began to take a heavy toll on Bozic. Finding herself in the midst of human suffering, she started feeling less attracted to journalism and leaned more towards helping out the victims affected by the war.

"In 1994, I joined a British humanitarian organization called Oxfam. I was a program officer for them in Belgrade," said Bozic. "Later, also in Belgrade, I joined the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees where I was a resettlement assistant. I did that for one year and placed refugees in the United States, Germany, Australia and other stable countries."

During her time doing humanitarian work, Bozic began to face her concerns about being a Serbian.

"Throughout the war, Serbia was recognized around the world as the 'bad guys.' It is difficult to come into terms with why the Serbs did all the killing they did," said Bozic. "I was tired of being hated by everyone. People in the United States saw me as the enemy."



Above: A Serbian soldier/guide leading journalists around Sarajevo, Bosnia. Left: A Serbian gunner position in the hills overlooking Sarajevo, Bosnia.

Time to Surf!

The Chronicle is on the Web

www5.interaccess.com/chronicle

South of the Border, Columbia students study diversity

The University of Guadalajara provided students insight to a different culture.

By Andrew J. Bradley
Staff Writer

For some people, there is nothing more terrifying than the first day of class. The new faces, strange classrooms and complicated instructors can be overwhelming at times.

Higher education can be an uphill battle, but at least the instruction is not in a foreign language.

For nine Columbia students this summer, not only were classes held in a foreign country, the classes were also taught in Spanish. How's that for the first-day-of-class anxiety?

The students were all participating in Columbia's "Study Abroad Program" at the University of Guadalajara, the second largest institution of higher learning in Mexico.

Students studied the Spanish and the culture of the region in one of Mexico's largest cities, Guadalajara, the "city of roses."

Students from all over the world attended the University of Guadalajara during the summer. "It's an

opportunity to have a more global perspective," said Columbia graduate Kim Jones, who participated in the program. "You meet students from all over the world."

Three groups of Columbia students participated in the student-exchange program, each of which consisted of a five-week session.

The program, or "immersion program" as Assistant Dean of Student Life Madeline Roman-Vargas put it, allows the exchange students to learn the Spanish language along with the numerous aspects of Mexico's culture at an astonishing rate.

Many of the students stayed with Mexican families during each session.

"In the homestays, there was no English. Some of the families did not even speak English," said Jones, "but most people were more than willing to help."

While the opportunity of picking up a second language in the country of its origin may sound like a worthwhile experience, fear of an unknown place may keep a student from participating in a student-exchange program.

"We had kids who would go to McDonald's when they were homesick. My biggest concern with students in the U.S. is they only see this country [the U.S.]," Roman-Vargas said. "Travel is important. It rids stereotypes. I want to encourage everyone to take the challenge."

In addition to the academic programs, various workshops were available to the students. The workshops offered students the opportunity to participate in Mexican culture. Workshops included traditional and popular dance, guitar, singing, arts and crafts.

But since there was so much to do in Guadalajara outside of class, many students opted to view the beautiful architecture and enjoy Guadalajara's night life instead of attending the workshops after a full day of classes.

Roman-Vargas has already begun planning for the third year of the "Study Abroad Program" at the University of Guadalajara, hoping that this year's turn-out will be even larger than the previous years.

For further information, contact Madeline Roman-Vargas in Student Life.

Columbia's gay, lesbian heritage celebrated

G.L.O.B.A.L provides support for students

By Amy Pugh
Staff Writer

Many of you are probably reading my byline over another minority heritage month article and thinking to yourselves, "How does she know this?"

Some of you are probably shaking your heads and muttering, "I'm gay and I had no idea it was Gay & Lesbian History Month!" Perhaps it's my affinity for alternative press, or the fact that I'm nosy and always want to know what's going on in other people's lives.

Maybe it's my trivial mind that allows me to quickly recite which month is designated for which minority group (but fails me when questioned about the sum of 5 plus 4). Whatever it is, you'll be pleased to read that October is not only Latino Heritage Month, but also a time to celebrate our friends, relatives and co-workers who are gay.

Gay and Lesbian History Month was developed in 1994 by two high school teachers, Kevin Jennings and Rodney Wilson. Jennings, a teacher from Massachusetts, and Wilson, an educator in St. Louis, were inspired by a letter to the editor in *Newsweek* magazine that talked about how there is not enough information about gay people.

Wilson was recently interviewed in the *Windy City Times* and said, "I feel we need to have the contributions of people who were and are lesbian and gay made known. We often talk about them in school without mentioning they're gay. We are a group of people who have a history and that history has been overlooked." Jennings, who is also the founder and director of the Gay, Lesbian and Straight Education Network, added in that interview, "For gay kids devoid from the past, there is isolation and desperation. And think of what the lack of gay history does to straight kids. To them we might as well have landed from Mars. There's no reference to us in their history books."

Many people here on campus agree with Wilson and Jennings. Take Ray Bieniasz, for example. Bieniasz, a television major at Columbia, has founded G.L.O.B.A.L (Gay, Lesbian, & Bisexual Alliance). It will replace Lambda as the college's gay and lesbian organization.

Lambda Force, which had some problems last year, disbanded, leaving Columbia without a group for gay students.

Bieniasz decided that was unacceptable. Then G.L.O.B.A.L was born. "I wanted a similar organization, but I wanted to start with a clean slate. I didn't want this group associated with any of the negatives Lambda may have had in the past." So far,

there is no set agenda for the club.

Bieniasz wants the students to decide what path G.L.O.B.A.L will take.

"If they want it to be political, social or a support group, that's fine. I just want something here for the students."

Even though he has not set an agenda, Bieniasz, who is the president this year, has high hopes for the club. "I want weekly meetings with gay students networking. I want to bridge the gap between departments and draw on our strengths."

Tentatively, he has plans for the group to attend "Across the Fruited Plain" at UIC in February. The symposium, put on by the Midwest Bisexual Lesbian Gay Transgender College Conference, will feature workshops, panels and programs.

The dates are February 20-22, 1998, and Bieniasz thinks many of Columbia's gay students could benefit from this weekend.

G.L.O.B.A.L is part of the Student Organization Council led by Madeline Roman-Vargas and its faculty advisor is Mike Jackson, from college relations and development.

Roman-Vargas said she would "rather see groups growing and delegating. There are about 20 groups trying to get off the ground right now. Again, I'm looking for quality not quantity," Jackson agrees. "I would like to see a vibrant student group be formed. There was trouble in the past with division in membership."

"A student has come along [Bieniasz] who wants to overcome this and open this organization to all students—keeping the difference of opinion down to a minimum."

Jackson, who started as a Columbia student 20 years ago, adds that he is "probably the first out member of the Board of Trustees."

Since he is so comfortable with himself he hopes it will "add strength to the student organization—I want them [gay students] to be comfortable, too."

Many of Columbia's gay and lesbian students think Columbia is doing a fine job of promoting diversity on campus. Said one young man who chose not to be named, "I'm out here at school, but not at home. I don't know whether it's because I live in the suburbs and Columbia's in the city that makes it that much more tolerant, or the school itself. I do know that I'm much more comfortable being the real me on this campus than I am in my parents' house."

Amy Pickle agrees, adding that she finds Columbia "absolutely supportive. Columbia makes an effort to be completely inclusive." It appears as though Columbia is on the right track by creating and maintaining groups that appeal and cater to the needs of its minority students. After all, variety is the spice of life.

Theft

continued from page 1

and while students aren't watching, he would drop something, bend down to pick it up and pick out a wallet or grab a purse.

"It appears the same person is responsible for all of the recent thefts," said Meegan-Linehan.

Cash seems to be the main objective because credit cards are left intact.

Thefts have been isolated in the Wabash building, but security officials have notified the entire college community through security alert flyers. "We are not afraid of letting the community know what's going on," Meegan-Linehan said.

The flyers, dated Oct. 7, indicate that the campus had experienced an increase in thefts of personal property from offices and computer labs beginning around the

first week of the new semester. It called for staff, faculty and students to follow precautionary measures in order to prevent further incidents.

"You are never going to have enough security," said Meegan-Linehan. She said the only solution is education; communication between faculty, staff and students is imperative in keeping thefts down.

"We want to alert the perpetrator that we are on to him," said Meegan-Linehan. "It would be in his best interest to go elsewhere."

Despite all the precautions, Edna feels security needs to take a more proactive approach. "I don't leave my office unlocked," said Edna. However she realizes she needs to take extra steps, "It makes you more aware of your surroundings."



LOOKING FOR A JOB?

DO YOU LIKE TALKING ON THE PHONE?

CAN YOU TYPE 30 WPM?

ARE YOU AVAILABLE TO WORK DURING THESE HOURS?
3PM-11PM, 4PM-12AM OR 4PM-8/9PM AND W/E's

BILINGUAL (SPANISH) PREFERRED BUT NOT REQUIRED

IF YES, AND YOU ARE A PLEASANT PERSON WITH
AN ENERGETIC ATTITUDE

CALL 312-649-3628 OR 800-321-3601
Ask for LINDA
(This is not a sales position)

WE ARE AN INBOUND CALL CENTER LOOKING FOR RECEPTIONISTS TO
ANSWER TELEPHONES AND INPUT DATA INTO A COMPUTER

March

continued from page 1

"They left the Million Man March, and what's happened? What have (they) done for us lately?"

She gets a rousing applause from the women in the rear of the bus.

Columbia College grad student and media management major Mecca Brooks, 25, however, feels that the Million Man March inspired her and that's enough for bring her on the bus 205. She feels it's her time to march now.

"I was really touched by what happened in Washington, D.C.," she says gazing out the window as the night approaches.

For the very petite woman with brown spectacles and brown dreadlocks to match, going to Philadelphia will be a trip back home. She plans to meet her parents who live 30 minutes away.

"The woman in my family are so strong," says Brooks. "I've always wondered how they did it. If I have any problems, I always go to my ma or grandma for strength because I know they'll understand."

As bus 205 pulls up into a gas station at the border of Indiana and Ohio, the women stretches their legs and erupts into conversation. Four fortyish women in the rear of the bus are reminiscing about growing up and the strong women in their lives who have influenced them.

Philadelphia is a still a long way ahead.

Chicago State University student Keyana Bradley, 24, has joined the conversation. Her youthfulness and reserved manner makes her almost unqualified to talk with the much older Jones and Morgan. Still, Bradley chimes in.

"I only date older men," she says. "They're

more mature and understand you better." The older women leap to approval in response.

Kellye Washington, 19, a Columbia College choreography major originally from Dayton, Ohio, is on the bus because "it's just the right thing to do."

"When I first heard about it, it stirred something in me, something like a binding experience that I really never felt before with people of my race," says Washington. "I think I'll gain something spiritual from this trip."

Conversation is almost inevitable now as bus 205 winds through the state of Ohio and Washington's hometown. Most of the 50 women can hardly contain their apparent glee.

"We're getting closer," shouts one woman and immediately the rest join in the chant. To the younger woman on the bus, they're all a bit giddy.

Half way into the journey, and in the heart of Ohio, Monica Williams, who works as a clerk for the Chicago Police Department, is talking to an older woman sitting next to her. Both are tugging back on the 60s when Dr. Martin Luther King marched in the Chicago.

"I remember King saying Chicago was one of the most racist cities he had ever been in," Williams recollects. "I always thought he was silly allowing people to slap him in the face and beat him up when he was marching," she says. "But I was much younger then. There was a lot I didn't understand."

At about 1 a.m., as bus 205 pushes further east with eight hours to go, the movie "Love Jones" is played on the monitors for those who haven't fallen asleep. Most of the women are still anxiously awaiting daybreak to bond with those who look like them from places around the world they've never visited.

Brooks can't wait to hear Maya Angelou's poetry, one of the woman featured at the march. "That woman just touches me the way no other writer can," she says. "I definitely want to hear her speak."

Although their reasons for being on the bus are starkly different, all of these black women say they want future generations to read of them in the history books.

"It would be wonderful for me to show my children just one page in a history book and say I was there," says Washington.

As day breaks and the sun frees itself from the clouds, the women on bus 205 feel a little closer to history.

"We're almost there," says Washington.



Women step into unity in Philadelphia march

By Leon Tripplett
Senior Writer

PHILADELPHIA—In what was billed as the Million Woman March MWM, early estimates showed only half that number of people reached the city of Brotherly Love.

Nonetheless, throngs of black women stretched down the spine of the Benjamin Franklin Parkway to show their solidarity to one another.

Woman from as far as Zimbabwe, Jamaica, the Virgin Islands, and the east and west coasts came by bus, train and plane to bond with other women.

The program started at 6 a.m. on a drizzly gray Saturday morning with the African tradition of drum beating to a bevy of speakers shouting thematically: "It's time to make a change."

The message rang clear for Barbara Williams, who made from voyage from Tennessee with her three children, all girls, to "make history."

"We had to be here," she said simply in her crisp southern accent.

Many of the women at the march were dressed in traditional African garb of Kinte cloth and Dashikis. Some of the men sprinkled throughout the crowd, meanwhile, were decked out in bow ties that represented their ties to the Nation of Islam.

"I couldn't resist the temptation to be here," said John Muhammad of Los Angeles. "I was at the Million Man March, and my wife didn't go. But I felt that we needed to be here together for this."

The march's organizers, two unknown women from Philadelphia, started the groundswell movement in response to Million Man March two years ago, many say.

Most of the marchers still don't know the organizers' names. They don't even care.

"These two women started this march by word of mouth," said marcher Sara Maywood. "If

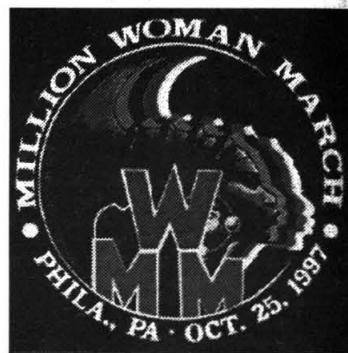
we get 5,000 people here, that's an accomplishment."

There was a range of speakers scheduled for Saturday, including California Congresswoman Maxine Waters, who was going to rebuke the CIA's alleged role in the importing of crack cocaine into the black community.

The 12-part theme of the march dealt with issues of community empowerment, education and women's rights. Although many marchers agreed one day wasn't enough to deal with a litany of persecutions women face in America.

"This is just the beginning to hopefully a long dialog," said Linda Wagner, a marcher who came from Chicago.

"We still have a lot of work to do," she added.



The crowd, growing in numbers as the program progressed Saturday afternoon, stood stoically waiting for acclaimed poet Maya Angelou, who was also present at the Million Man March.

Rachel Harris from Mississippi threatened tears as she was talking about the day's events. Then she allowed them to pour.

"This is what we've been waiting for—many of us, all the days of our lives," she said wailing hysterically.

The women hoped to go home the same way they came, but this time together, knowing something was accomplished.

"We made history, and that's good enough," said one marcher.

THREE SMART REASONS TO CONSIDER THE ARMY:

Reason 1: We can help you get an edge on college expenses with up to \$40,000 from the Montgomery GI Bill plus the Army College Fund...if you qualify.

Reason 2: There are over 50 challenging high-tech specialties to choose from. Valuable training in one could lead to a rewarding and exciting career.

Reason 3: Employers look for the training and personal qualities of Army alumni. Here's what just one business leader says:

"Army alums bring to their job...a wealth of experience that is readily adjustable to the business world."

J. Peter Grace
Chairman and
Executive Officer
W.R. Grace and Company

These are just three reasons, and there are even more. Find out what they are from your local Army Recruiter.

**ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.®**
www.goarmy.com

Internships...

- how do I qualify?
- where do I sign up?
- am I ready?

get the answer to these and other questions at

STRAIGHT TALK...

on internships

WEDS. - NOVEMBER 5TH
12pm to 1pm - Rm 313

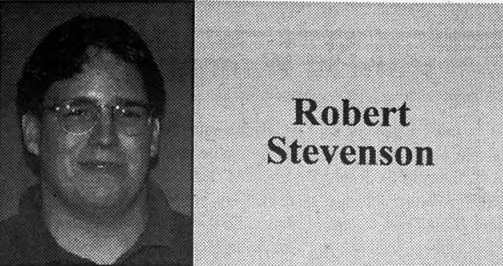
or

5pm to 6pm - Rm 309
623 S. Wabash

co-sponsored by the academic depts. and Career Planning & Placement

For more info., call or stop by!
623 S. Wabash, 300W/312-344-7280.





Robert Stevenson

Huels 'secure' tie to Columbia

Front page news in Chicago for the last week has been of former 11th Ward Ald. Patrick Huels and his questionable business dealings with the city. One of these businesses happens to be the security company Columbia hires out to provide our security, SDI Security Inc.

If you don't know what has happened to Huels, here's a synopsis of the situation.

Huels, who owns SDI with members of his family, resigned last Tuesday after the Chicago Sun-Times unearthed the fact that SDI obtained a \$1.25 million loan from a city contractor whom Huels had helped win a \$1.1 million city subsidy.

Huels was Mayor Daley's floor leader, a 20-year veteran of the City Council and from Daley's "hometown," Bridgeport.

"Although I am certain I broke no laws, I am equally certain that I exercised poor judgment... And in so doing, I've let many people down," Huels said of his resignation last week.

Huels may have not broken any set laws, but he has proven himself to be an unethical and sloppy businessman.

SDI, the security company Columbia has contracted to provide our security, has had a few problems in the last few years. The \$1.25 million loan Huels had obtained was to pay off the city head tax he owed which was many, many months late. And, just recently, SDI owners had failed to renew its business licence with the state. This meant from Oct.1 to Friday, the SDI corporation was ordered dissolved by the Illinois Secretary of State's office.

Having the corporation dissolved is only a technicality. The law has no enforcement to it, so the only changes would be in the insurance and liabilities that the company has.

That's besides the point. This company obviously has some problems, that may taint anyone associated with them. Besides this school, SDI is employed at other well known businesses like Standard Parking Corp., Waste Management Corp. and Toys R us on State St. Most of the companies and organizations who have hired SDI say that there is no connection between hiring Huels' firm and city hall.

So far, Columbia has been pleased with the security company. Carol Bryant, Director of College Relations said in the Sun-Times on Oct. 22 that SDI brought an attractive proposal to do security about five years ago. Since then, she said, "we've been satisfied."

I have to wonder though, if the school wants to be associated with this business any longer. The guards are good people, but the owners are the ones we have to wonder about.

Security, as it's defined in Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, is "one who or that which secures or guarantees."

I could cut the irony with a knife here.

The owners of a security company, who can't pay city head taxes, or the state business licence fee on time, are providing our security.

Will this poorly run business effect our security? It's hard to say. But the school needs to make sure that the safety of the students and staff is ensured with a reliable company.

SDI has provided a good service to the school for the last few years, but the owners have tainted the company and possibly, anyone associated with them. Perhaps it is time to start shopping around for a new company to provide security, or risk the association of an unscrupulous businessman and our school.

I would find it hard to stay with a company with so many apparent problems. But I'm not in a position to make that choice. Maybe this company has saved the school thousands of dollars. Maybe it just does a better job than the previous security company the school contracted. As of now though, SDI Security Inc., and anything associated with city hall, is being scrutinized by the press, the public and government.

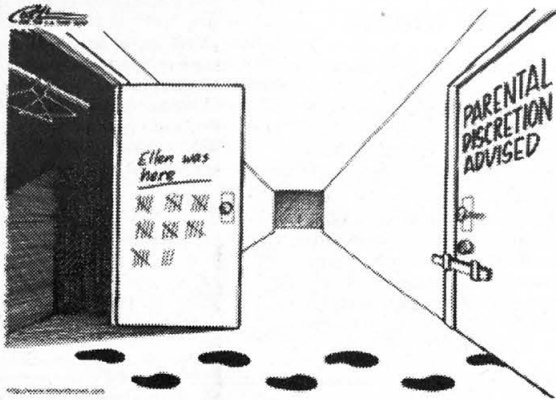
Is this something Columbia needs?

You can reach Robert at our e-mail address, chron96@interaccess.com

Editorials are the opinions of the Chronicle's editorial board. Columns are the opinions of the authors. Views expressed in the opinion pages aren't necessarily the opinions of The Chronicle, Columbia's journalism department or Columbia College.

The Chronicle welcomes letters to the editor. Wednesday is the deadline for submissions. Please include full name, year and major. Letters can be faxed to 312/427-3920, e-mailed to Chron96@interaccess.com, mailed to 623 S. Wabash Ave., Suite 205, Chicago, IL 60605 or posted on the Chronicle's interactive forum located at <http://www.5.interaccess.com/chronicle>

Editorial Cartoon of the week



Editorial

Recent thefts should prompt security changes

Columbia's steady increase in enrollment has forced the college to continually seek out additional buildings and other new resources.

As a result, security obviously has been a major concern for a college; and more importantly security at Columbia is magnified by the fact that it's located in the downtown section of Chicago.

Security at Columbia is faced with the challenge of safeguarding several different buildings over a large area. Moreover the buildings are built vertically making them difficult to patrol. And More students are traveling between the various buildings that make up Columbia's campus which means students are not always under the watchful eye of a security force.

While the South Loop is regarded as one of the safest parts of Chicago, the recent thefts in the Wabash Building detailed by Eva Boyer's front page story shows that security, students, faculty and staff should constantly be on the lookout. As a result it is important that students and faculty are informed about crimes and educate with safety tips.

Security might want to look to other campuses in Chicago for ideas to improve safety here. The University of Illinois at Chicago, on the near west side has had problems with crime over the years. UIC has a larger campus and more students than Columbia; it has made changes in its security and crime has decreased over the last few years.

Moreover, UIC releases security statistics to the independent student newspaper, The Flame, which in turn publishes a list of crimes that has occurred around the campus. Such a procedure might help the situation here.

Meanwhile, The University of Chicago located in Hyde Park side has increased security patrols throughout its campus and surrounding neighborhood over the years.

While these campuses are different from Columbia they could be used as examples as Columbia continues to grow.

In short, as the campus continues to grow so does the need for more security.

Letters to the editor

A letter from president Duff

To the Columbia Chronicle,

I am writing in response to the article "P-Fac Pushes for Union" in the September 29, 1997 issue of the Chronicle. Let me begin by emphasizing the tremendous value Columbia places on the contributions of its part-time faculty. Our historic commitment to employ a significant number of part-time faculty who are also working professionals provide students with an immediate connection to the professional world. This melding of theory and practice in the classroom is central both to the College's mission and to its success.

During my tenure as President of Columbia College, I have worked hard to increase the stature and status of the full and part-time faculty with the full support of the Board of Trustees and the College's administration. At the same time, I have insured that Columbia's tuition remains the most affordable among Illinois' private colleges, allowing Columbia to continue to provide a quality arts and communication education to a diverse student body.

The following is partial list of improvements the College has made over the last several years to increase the status and stature of the faculty, particularly the part-time faculty:

- Part-time faculty recieved a 5% base salary increase for this academic year, with a recommendation for an additional 5% increase for the following academic year. Part time faculty have received an increase every year during my tenure as president.
- For the first time, part-time faculty are able to purchase health benefits through Columbia.
- Columbia is committed to hiring candidates from the part-time faculty for full-time positions whenever possible. Over the last two years, 20 former part-time faculty members have joined the ranks of full-time faculty. In fact, approximately one-third of the full-time faculty were originally part-time faculty. In fact, approximately one-third of the full-time faculty were originally part-time at Columbia. I am unable to cite another American college with such a record.
- With the College's new governance structure, part-time faculty are represented on the College Council and various College committees for the first time.
- The College has greatly increased support for part-time faculty development under leadership of Provost Bert Gall and Academic Dean Caroline Latta. In addition, the College continues to make significant strides in providing office space and technical support for the part-time faculty despite the severe space crunch that Columbia is experiencing.

Contrary to the impression presented in "P-Fac Pushes for Union," these improvements demonstrate the College's commitment to improving the economic and professional stature of its part-time faculty. Given the realities of its situation as a tuition-dependent school with a relatively small endowment, Columbia will continue to make progress towards improving the status and stature of our part-time faculty. At the same time, Columbia will continue to keep its tuition affordable relative to the other private colleges, and thereby continue its commitment to the open admissions and diversity in higher education.

Sincerely,
John B. Duff
President

Sara and the Tea Man must go

Hello, folx. I like Columbia College. I even sort of like the newspaper. But I must echo the sentiment expressed in a letter to the editor in last week's issue—this poor girl Sara who does the sports page really shouldn't. It's a shame, really, because she probably a very nice girl, she just can't seem to distinguish between Chicago sports and Sara's opinions. Please tell her politely to can it. By the way— "Makin' Tea" or "Drinkin' Tea" or whatever the hell it's calls has GOT to go.

P.S. Face it, guys, John Henry Biederman no longer attends our school! So would you stop talking about him Please?

P.P.S. Whatever happened to "Shoots and Letters"?

Posted by Jed Clampett
Via the Chronicle interactive forum

More letters on page 6.

Letters to the editor

More positive coverage of Chicago sports teams

This is a sweet and simple letter that is quite similar to the one you published in your October 20 issue.

It amazes me to see that Sara Willingham has a column in every issue when she really only needs a bi-monthly spot or even a quarterly guest feature. She has nothing to talk about. She offerzero insight into Chicago sports and the dilemmas it causes its fans.

Typical column: "Bears lose because of McCaskey, Hawks lose because of the players, and the Cubs and Sox are old news, When do the Bulls start?" Maybe if Sara did some real reporting like attending a game or two she would even find a story. Instead of reading the papers Chicago already distributes, she should take the initiative to FIND SOME NEWS OF HER OWN!!

Nevermind that the hottest sports team in Chicago is the Chicago Wolves! They are (as of this letter) 5-1-1, a league best, the top team in all of the IHL and right here in Chicago! Have we even mentioned them? NO! Why is that? Because the Sun-Times and Tribune don't give them excessive coverage, so Sara probably hasn't even heard of them (nevermind our billboards all over Chicago's roads, our radio ads on every station and our print ads on every bus in Chicagoland!!)

And why won't she find them? Because good news is boring, but bad news is something everyone wants to read about! Maybe she has learned something in her journalism classes. But then again, rehashing the same old crap someone else has said would only make you as good as Jay Mariotti.

R. Michael Wasz

Chicago Wolves Professional Hockey Team
Columbia College Student

Marrioti Wannabe

I must agree. Is Sara's Column intended to be an editorial or what? I mean if its gonna be a Jay Marrioti Rip off, then don't do it half-ass. The Tea column, I dunno. Still not sure about it. Give it a few more weeks. Lastly, the shoots and letters column.. That was the best part of the paper. Don't tell me Cuz John Henry Biederman and Nipsey are gone that all the humor and wittiness is gone with "them". And Hey Academic computing, where is your homepage guys? Good luck y'all.

Posted by Goateed Enigma

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

STUFF FROM STAFF

BY ANDREW J. BRADLEY

Fear and Loathing on the CTA

It seems like it was only yesterday that I had become one of the many privileged individuals allowed to participate in the daily commute on the Howard Red Line.

I clearly remember holding a shiny token in my hand as I walked down a flight of stairs, colorfully decorated by Chicago's own graffiti artists, and proceeded towards a turn-style. When I dropped the token in the slot, a happy "BLEEP" was emitted from the machine. It was like it was the CTA's unspoken way of saying, "Have a great day!"

This really is not as bad as I thought it would be. I heard a lot of horror stories prior to my CTA experience, but things seemed to be going the way that I hoped they would. Maybe all those stories of junkies, perverts and the psychologically disturbed were nothing more than folklore. In my point-of-view, the place seemed about as threatening as one of those marshmallow bunnies that I used to find in my Easter basket for so many years.

Before I knew it, my train was coming to a grinding halt right before me. I adjusted my backpack and patiently waited for the doors on the train to open... then it happened. As the

sliding doors parted and I stepped on the train, it hit me. As I scanned my surroundings, the light-bulb appeared above my head. I just boarded the express train to hades. So much for optimism, this glass was definitely half-empty.

All the things that I had deemed as folklore were right before me, in living color, as the doors closed behind me. Every eye in the place was fixed on me. I was sure that they all knew I was a rookie to the commuter game. I sought refuge from the intimidating looks by staring directly at the floor. I guess I thought that if I didn't make eye contact with anyone they would not know I was standing there. I think I deserve some sort of slack, paranoid fear leads a person to believe the unbelievable.

I felt like a kid on his first camping trip. Every noise made my head snap in the direction of its origin. I was constantly asking myself questions. What was that? Why is he looking at me like that? I may have been asking the questions aloud, who knows? As I returned to my point of refuge, with my eyes fixed on the floor, I then realized that even my security blanket had been intruded upon. The dull, uneventful floorboard, which was once my piece of mind, was the new home for I have seen to this day. Ate fifties, clad in a pink jogging suit was sprawled across the aisle, speaking in some sort of demonic tongue. This is the stuff that nightmares are made of.

Since then, I have continued to use the CTA as my mode of transportation and it seems to become less frightening as the days go by. That's not to say that it has lost any of its novelty. Every day I await the arrival of the train, never knowing what to expect when I meet on board. If variety really is the spice of life, the CTA is quite possibly seasoned better than anything else in Chicago.

Take a Chance

Sheryl Tirol

Staff Writer

All my life I have been the goody-goody-too-shoes every kid hated and every parent loved. For the past 20 years of my life I have tried to be the "good" one in the family and follow my parents' wishes. Although I haven't always done so, and was far from the child of perfection, I was a pretty good kid from about the age of 8-years-old and up. Before then I was every babysitters worst nightmare, but that's for another storytelling time.

In junior high and high school, I made it a point to show up to class each and every day. Needless to say, I graduated high school with not a perfect attendance record, (well close enough, I only missed three days in my entire high school career.) Even now in college I have been the "good student" and the "teacher's pet" (I don't know that title was derived) But after going through freshman year, and still being the loyal and good Columbia student that I am, I'm beginning to wonder if I took enough risks in life.

After all, as the ever famous saying goes: "The greatest risk in life you take, is by not taking a risk at all." That and my friend/ neighbor and my 16 year-old brother have really plumaged my thought as to if I'm just letting my life flury away in the wind. Don't get me wrong, I'm still striving to do as much as I can in my choice of career, but everyone has wild and fanatically crazy stories to tell about their youth. Even my dad, whom I know had his day of glory once too, but being the "good" father he is, I may be 50-years-old before I even find out about his days of being wild and crazy. My loyal friend and neighbor from Bloomfield Hills, Mich., who we'll call "Lark" for security purposes, talked to me about all the fun he experienced breaking the rules a few years ago. He is at Columbia majoring in film and working hard for that dream of becoming a cinematographer, which he so passionately wants. If anyone saw Lark, they wouldn't think of him being the hell raising rebel that he used to be. He stands a good 6 feet tall, with short blonde hair, bright blue eyes and a great smile. He looks like your All-American-boy-next-door. From his appearance, (and yes, I know looks are deceiving), he seemed like a "perfect angel." DEAD WRONG! I was so dead wrong that I could slap myself for even considering that he was a goody-goody like myself. Lark shared with me all the crazy and stupid stunts he encountered. One of which I still find purely stupid but I'm sure was fun. After watching the 80's flick "Lost Boys" a few years ago, he told me how some buddies and him did what the vampires did in the movie. They

hung under the railroad track, while the train went over them and then proceeded to drop 90 feet into a lake. I know this sounds crazy, but I honestly wish I had done something that stupid and daring, but knowing my luck I probably wouldn't have lived to tell you all! Lark also told me about his nine hour ordeal with getting a tattoo on his arm. Nine hours! I know, I know, I couldn't bare five minutes, let alone nine hours of a blood-sucking, sharp needle piercing through my flesh. But to Lark it was wild, crazy and "machoistic" (typical guy, right ladies?-Just kidding guys!). I can tell you stories from now until the next issue, and Lark may have gone off the wild side, but he actually came out of the whole ordeal a little wiser, more mature and ready to sort things out and get on with his life. He might have done a lot of things that people would taint him as a devil child, but he's no longer part of that lifestyle anymore. I told Lark about my 16-year-

old brother, who thinks he's madly in love with a girl who lives 45 minutes away. Although it isn't anything serious, I know my parents aren't too happy about it. I can't blame them, put together a 16-year-old boy in love and a driver's license, and he'll take any risk. Of course I wouldn't what that would've been like, because at 16 I wasn't sneaking out to meet a guy, I was at home rehearsing for choir practice! My dad loves to brag that I never dated or had a boyfriend until I turned 18, at which time, though he was cool about it. The one risk I took that was positive was meeting someone and not having to worry about the whole "high school gossip." For the most part, my brother is breaking the "perfect angel" image he too upheld with my parents. With peer pressure beginning to seep into him, I never thought I missed out on the whole, "breaking-

the-rules rebel image," until now. My buddy Lark could only shake his head and laugh. If I only knew back then that I would still be level-headed, then I would have taken more risks, but we can't predict what tomorrow brings. For the longest time I always thought that people like Lark would just fall off the face of the earth and never accomplish anything. Lark was taking chances back then because he knew he was only young once, and I see what a decent guy he's turned out to be. I am also realizing that my brother is just starting to go through that phase and facing his choices. People do change, and risks you take can alter your life and ultimately change how you perceive things. About the only risk I took, was sneaking out of my aunt's house one summer in San Francisco, and driving to San Jose with my cousin to go to a party. Although we got busted, it was a scary thrill doing something I wasn't supposed to. After all, you're only young once.

College stress causes reminiscing about care-free childhood days

By Ryan Fischer

The Baylor Lariat

All right, now that everyone is officially swamped in schoolwork and other activities, tell me how much you would give to be a kid again.

Yeah, it's cliché, but honestly, as I sit at a desk, poring over notes on the lives of people who are long dead and not even related to me, I can't help but space off and wish I was someplace else.

Someplace like elementary school.

There are people who can knock high school and junior high as horrible times in their lives and I can distinctly remember being stressed-out my fair share in those hormone-infested years, but when it comes to elementary school, it gets easy to find a common denominator of good memories.

I mean, what did anyone do all day that wasn't fun?

Classes were generally taught by gigantic (remember your own size) ladies, usually with especially curly hair and glasses.

They were either fun to be around or they picked their noses and stuck the boogers behind their ear for a snack later on (that may have been a rumor).

Whether they were good witches or bad witches, though, didn't really make much difference in the education you received.

It's not like today, when a psychotic instructor gets up in front of a class of 150 and says only one of you will walk away with an "A."

No, a "mean" teacher was simply more apt to send you to the principal's office for the minor infractions of good behavior, like eating paste or belching in the face of Becky, the girl who sat next to you.

Yet, even the worst day from elementary school pales in comparison to some of the trials that hit in college.

Nowadays, it feels like you need to schedule in time to take breaths, much less worry about the 15-page paper due at 8 a.m. tomorrow.

A little over a decade ago, most of us simply had to throw down our Transformer or My-Little-Pony backpacks after school and schedule in the next round of "cops and robbers" or "war" for that afternoon.

Homework was something that only "big kids" did, and I remember being naively envious of that privilege.

Until the day came that homework was finally assigned, though, figuring out how to feed the dog the rest

of your mashed potatoes without your parents noticing was the hardest your brain had to work past 5 p.m.

The more I think about it, the more I miss the almost-utopia of being five-to-ten-years-old, and the more I put off doing anything for my classes tomorrow.

It just sickens me that, back then, none of us had any idea how good things really were.

It's going to be at least 60 more years before any of us can have so little to do with our time, and by then, our bodies probably won't be able to take rolling down the hill in the field next door.

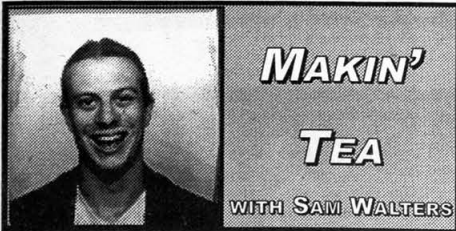
I also doubt that there will ever be a time when I can wake up at six in the morning without an alarm for the sole purpose of eating Apple Jacks and watching Pac-Man or Thundarr the Barbarian.

But that's probably the way it should be. If great moments lasted forever, there wouldn't be anything left to truly treasure in life.

Childhood is a magic that doesn't last, but that fact alone makes us remember it as all the more magical.

The memories are probably just the Man Upstairs' way of asking a few of us to recall the wonder of our early years, and inspire it in the life of someone else.

Someone who will, one day, be getting ready to belch and who will swear that the teacher just picked her nose.



PIMP VALIANT

Fact: I am very Heavy Metal. I listen to Metal, I have tinnitus from listening to Metal, and not surprisingly, until very recently I looked pretty Metal. In short, I'm a Metalhead... 'til I'm dead... 4 Eva!!! I'm proud of this fact —probably out of necessity— though it's never worked marvels for my popularity. I was probably the only kid in highschool who went from listening to Punk Rock to Heavy Metal, actually getting less cool as my tastes "matured". I'll go into this at greater length some other time to be sure, but the point is I used to have appropriately long, Conan looking hair, which I never got to let down in this incessant hurricane of a city and resultantly decided to get cut a few days ago.

Fact: I look like a Lou Barlowe of Sebadoh. Sebadoh are, or were, or whatever the hell they are, an indi-rock band, which is Heavy Metal's traditional musical nemesis. indi-rock is fine, the haircuts aren't.

The little Dutch boy, a standard of indi-rock culture, is a haircut destined to make anyone, even little Dutch boys, look like a complete asshole. I look like a complete asshole.

The little Dutch boy —also known as the Prince Valiant—is the haircut I abhor above all others, the one I swore to avoid at any cost. How then did this bobbing, girly coif come to sit atop my head —which exists in a notably bob-free zone— and frame my semi-bearded, nasty, chewed up face? Simple really: I'm a super-moron. Aside from that, you can chalk it up to skittishness and my being shortsighted to the point of defective.

I was terrified this might happen, that I might balk at cutting my lovely locks, and seize on some wishy-washy, cop-out of a haircut at the last instant, so I had nice, medium length "do" all picked out before I arrived at Great Cuts. It featured luxurious bangs and ample sides, but a close cropped, layered back-you know, like Brad Pitt... sigh. I had hoped the pretty boy nature of this cut would sufficiently appeal to my raging vanity to override any apprehension I might have about cutting my long hair. But either I'm weak, or I was feeling particularly pro-Metal that day because I pushed out in the worst possible way. The hairdresser listened patiently while I waffled, describing the haircut I wanted as, "short, definitely above the collar, but giving the illusion of great length", before fetching out a photo catalogue of different hairstyles and demanding I pick one out immediately, or she would shave me bald with a straight-edge in a hasty and palsied fashion. I flipped through the book, discounting many, many sen-

sible haircuts before being finally, inexorably drawn to a picture of a chiseled super-model sporting a thoroughly moussed, expertly tussled Prince Valiant. "This guy looks great!", I exclaimed, excited by my discovery. "This hulking Italian's no little Dutch boy! That haircut looks really good on him!" Yeah... so do his ripping pecs. and probably enormous genitals, but neither are going to be conferred to me by anything so un-rational and simple as a haircut.

So, the up-shot of all this is that I've got an incredibly stupid haircut, that I can't stand, and now I look a girl, even more than I did, which was altogether too much to begin with. This led to me doing the second stupidest thing I've done all week: putting about half a pound of bees' wax in my hair. One ought to think seriously before doing this because bees' wax is not so much a hairstyling product as it is a high-test adhesive; it and your hair are entering into a committed relationship that won't end for several months. The addition of bees' wax to my hair has left me with few styling options that don't make me look incredibly weird, or incredibly 50's, so I've settled on slicking it straight back, which, with my goatee, gives me the appearance of A: a pharaoh, or B: a filthy pimp. Happily, both these identities hold great appeal for me, but I think I'll probably end up pimping-if only because nobody seems to listen to me when I show up in my Royal head dress, clutching the scepter of Thoth and carrying on wildly about how I'm the chosen one of Osiris and that they'd all best hurry the F-up and build me a pyramid or I just might bring the wrath of Set crashing down on their lowly, enslaved heads.

A real education doesn't come in the classroom

By Jarrett Greer
Kentucky Kernel

It has taken me more than two years, but I have finally reached an epiphany. In my halcyon days of high school, I had a lot of dimly-formed preconceptions about the "College Experience." I was right about one thing: College is definitely a learning experience. But it wouldn't matter if I were majoring in biology, business or illegal drug manufacturing, because the great majority of what I've learned in college has nothing to do with the classroom.

I can hear it now: "But class is important! We have to go so that we can make something of ourselves!" Now I'll grant that class is important, because taking classes is how you get grades. Grades are good. But the odds are favorable that anything you cover in a university course — especially a University Studies course — you'll never see again. Consider the plight of pitiable pre-med students like myself. We take classes like physics and organic chemistry to prepare for the MCAT, which is ostensibly a measure of our medical potential. I have known a number of physicians, and never once have I heard any of them mention a coefficient of static friction or a synthesis reaction.

This is not to say I've learned nothing useful in college. The most important thing I've learned would be study skills. I've learned that I don't have any. I learned to budget time for studying, but I also learned that I will end up spending this time at the mall. I have also found that the library is an evil place, where the books you need will either take hours to find or have disappeared into a mysterious void. Either way, if you do your research after midnight on due dates, like so many of us, it's enough to make you cry.

I have learned about fashion. The first month of my freshmen year, I dressed up for class. Then, winter came. If you have not enjoyed a Lexington winter, let me tell you: It sucks. It is cold and nasty. I switched to a wardrobe of sweats and found an old, warm hunter's orange toboggan in my closet at home. When it's below zero, most people really don't care what they look like.

I've learned about nutrition. Contrary to popular belief, you can live on foods like chili dogs, Lucky Charms and French fries. I've also found religion and I'm considering construction of a lavish shrine to Caffeine, the mythological god of college students.

I've learned about foreign languages. Much of this has been in the science and math classes I've taken. Many of my teaching assistants have not exactly spoken the King's English. In fact, I'm not certain they were speaking any form of English at all. That's OK, though, I'm pretty sure now that I could find work as a Pidgin English translator if my medical career falls through.

I also have found a special sympathy for teaching assistants — hiring a disgruntled, overworked student to handle a class full of other disgruntled, overworked students for slave wages sounds like a sure recipe for a psychotic incident, but they adapt much better than I would. I'm a country boy, and when I came here, I had a noticeable accent. I thought it would go away, but I suspect it has gotten worse.

Do basketball fans remember Richie Farmer and Rick Pitino trying to communicate in the days of Pitino's Bombinos? I share Richie's pain.

I learned that I had no clue what a real party looked like. In 1996, when the 'Cats took the crown, I had the good fortune to be at the intersection of Euclid and Woodland, the epicenter of the post-game celebration. Never before in my life had I seen complete strangers slapping high fives, exposing themselves publicly and consuming large quantities of alcohol. It blew my mind.

In 1997, after the loss to Arizona, I had the bad sense to be in the same place again. Never before had I felt like my life was in such peril. I stood amidst the drunken chaos until I caught a flying beer bottle, still half-full, squarely between my shoulder blades. That was enough for me. I spent hours cleaning beer off my shoes both years, but I treasure the memories.

Finally, I've learned about priorities. I sleep too little and worry too much, but I'm still managing to have a blast. The moral? Don't neglect your classes. But don't neglect to save some time for the other lessons college can teach.

What is the absolutely, most desperate act you would do to pass a important class?

Face Value by Vincent Johnson



Jay McClurg
Film
Sophomore

"I'd sleep with my teacher regardless of their sex."



Yuko Kagawa
Interior Design
Junior

"I spend more time with the instructor."



Terri Richardson
Journalism
Junior

"I'd show up after class in nothing but a trench coat and get on my hands and knees and beg."



Pete Sawasky
Undeclared
Freshman

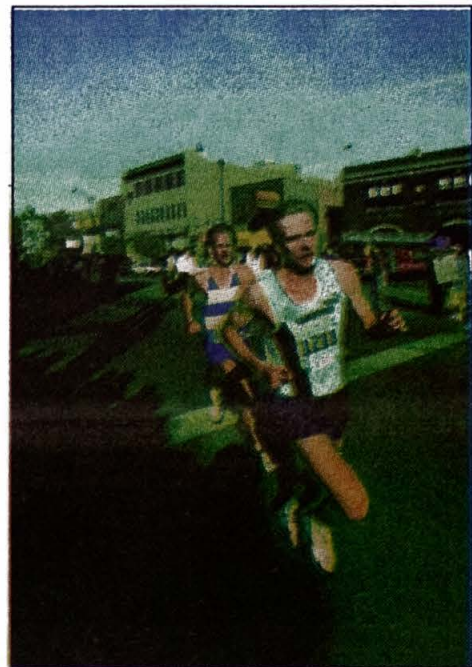
"Pay someone to pose as me in class."



Blair B. Fredrick/Chronicle



Blair B. Fredrick/Chronicle



Marc Tobin/Chronicle

1997 Chicago Marathon

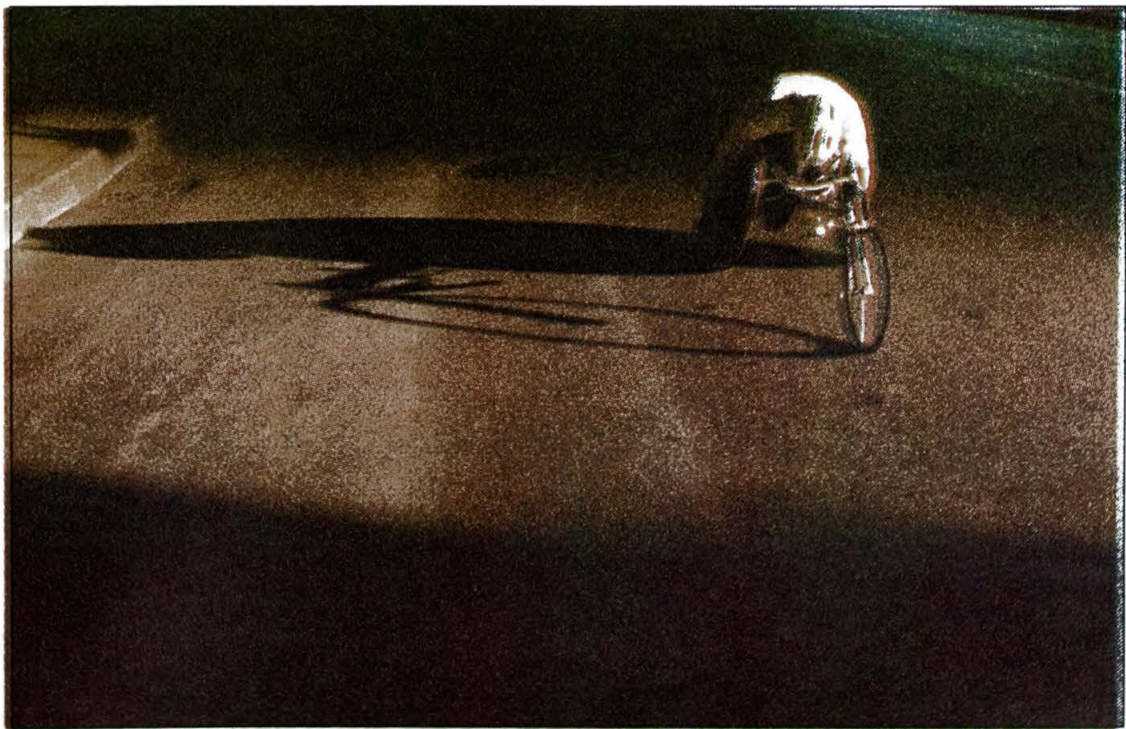


Blair B. Fredrick/Chronicle



Marc Tobin/Chronicle

From top left: Thousands of runners flood Columbus Drive as the 20th anniversary of the Chicago Marathon begins. Top right: A runner relieves himself as the nervous energy starts to flow just minutes into the race. At left, center: The spectators were able to get up close when the runners made their way through Chicago's Chinatown neighborhood. Bottom opposite: Runners cross the Chicago River in front of the Tribune Building at the one mile marker. Above: Runners are assisted along the way from volunteers who try to pass out as much water as they can. Below: A wheelchair racer crosses a beam of light next to the Merchandise Mart on Wells St.



Blair B. Fredrick/Chronicle



Unleash big savings. AT&T presents the
largest student discount program ever. FREE.



Choose AT&T. And we'll give you a free one-year Student Advantage® membership. Use your card to get special offers and up to 50% off every day at thousands of your favorite neighborhood places and national sponsors like these:



Choose AT&T.

Get a Student Advantage membership. FREE.

Call 1-800-878-3872

or visit www.att.com/college/np.html

It's all within your reach.



Student Advantage offer valid for AT&T Residential Long Distance, AT&T Calling Card and AT&T Universal Card customers. © 1997 AT&T

THE CHRONICLE
OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

&



Discover the mystery behind...

Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

"Elegant, Sensuous, Haunting. A Legitimate Contender For An Oscar® Nomination As Best Picture."

Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE

"PIERCINGLY ALIVE... the poise and passion leaves one grateful, exhausted and nourished."

Bill Zwecker, NBC-TV

"BRILLIANT... superb performances across the board!"

Alice Walker, Author, THE COLOR PURPLE

"MESMERIZING... Ultimately strengthening."

Jim Ferguson, PREVUE CHANNEL

"MAGNIFICENT."

Paul Wunder, WBAI

"★★★★! DON'T MISS IT."

Samuel L. Jackson Lynn Whitfield

Eve's Bayou

TRIMARK PICTURES CHUBBO/ADDIS WECHSLER KASI LEMMONS
SAMUEL L. JACKSON LYNN WHITFIELD "EVE'S BAYOU" DEBBY MORGAN VONNIE CURTIS HALL BRANFORD MARSALUS LISA NICOLE CARSON
JURNEE SMOLLETT DIANNA CARROLL CEVIN CATHELL JAY POLSTEIN CAM WINKOFF MICHAEL BENNETT MARGARET MATHESON TERENCE BLANCHARD
GARY ENGLISH KARYN WAGNER TERILYN A. SHROPSHIRE AMY VINCENT MARK AMIN ELI SELDEN NICK WECHSLER JULIE YORN
CALDECOT CHUBB SAMUEL L. JACKSON KASI LEMMONS
www.trimarkpictures.com

R RESTRICTED
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANIMENT
BY PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

TRIMARK PICTURES
A TRIMARK COMPANY

New Music By Urykah Badi Written And Produced By Curtis Mayfield And Classic Songs By Ray Charles, Etta James, And Others

Stop by **THE CHRONICLE** (623 South Wabash, Rm. 205), Wednesday, October 29 through Friday, October 31 and receive a free pass (admit two) to the Chicago Premiere of **EVE'S BAYOU** at the 600 N. Michigan Avenue theatres, Tuesday, November 4th. A limited number of passes will be available on a first come first served basis. No purchase is necessary and employees of participating partners are ineligible.

Eve's Bayou opens in theatres everywhere Friday, November 7th

Hades delivers Halloween thrills

Two haunted houses provide alternative scares



Here are a few of the ghouls appearing nightly at one of two haunted houses at Hades in the Villa Park Odeum Sports and Expo Center.

By Christy Rizzo
Correspondent

The Friday night before Halloween, my mind turned to snakes, snails and puppy dog tails and I'm not referring to the opposite sex.

I was thinking of things that creep and crawl and go bump into the night. Things that make you squirm and scream. The sensation of hair standing up on the back of your neck. A scream lodged in your throat, yet you can't utter a sound.

The weather was gloomy and gray as I dressed in all black garb in appreciation of a Halloween to come, smiling like a Cheshire cat. For there couldn't be a more delightful night for a good scare at Hades Haunted Houses.

Hades Haunted Houses, produced by Nightscape Productions, are not just any old haunted houses. They're the nation's largest and most successful indoor haunted houses. Nightscape Productions is far from a new face in the scare business.

In 1978, Nightscape Productions owners Joseph Jensen and Sharon Marzano invested in interactive theater and applied it to Halloween, creating their first ever Hades Haunted House. Today, this gruesome twosome are recognized as leaders in their industry.

Nightscape Productions has two interactive haunted houses in the Chicago suburb of Villa Park at the Odeum Sports and Expo center for your scare pleasure.

The themes of this year's Hades Haunted Houses are Hades - War of the Worlds and Hades - Ancient Evil. Both houses fill over 60,000 square feet and are populated with 80 professional actors.

"An actor may be doing

Ancient Evil, there were many dark tunnels, twists and turns with a ghastly surprise waiting around every corner to make your hair stand on end.

But I got the best fright walking through Hades - War of the Worlds. I found myself stumbling through a darkened maze literature only by an occasional strobe light just to show you that you were most likely ending up back where you started.

At one point, in a moment of darkness, I thought I was walking along with another person also lost in the maze until the strobe light flashed and I saw it was actually a grotesque and disfigured creature. I then quickly found my way out of the maze.

I now found myself walking across a platform with the sound of a chainsaw breaking the silence off in the distance. As I became closer, a faint smell of gasoline was in the air and the chainsaw was getting louder and louder until...

Well, I won't spoil it for you.

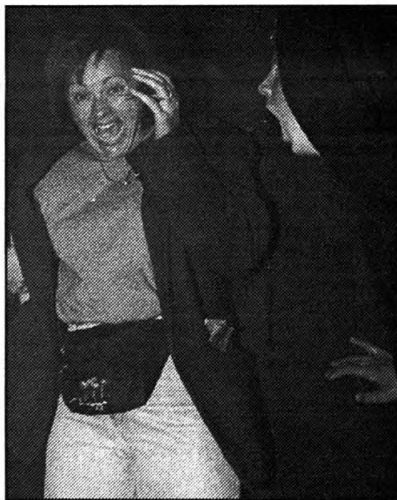
But I will say Hades Haunted Houses are a good time and it's all in good fun.

Admission to both houses is \$16. Hades is located at the Odeum, 1033 N. Villa Ave., north of North Avenue in Villa Park. Call 630-941-9292 for more information.

Shakespeare one week and then Hades Haunted House the next," says Jensen.

Coiled like a rope, I was poised for a good scare when I arrived at the haunted houses.

Walking through Hades -



Hokin, L.U.N.A. to host Day of the Dead

By Tanisha Allen
Staff Writer

With Halloween nearing, everyone is beginning to fall into the morbid melancholy of skulls and crossbones. This year Columbia College is joining in with the exception of a slight twist; were doing it Mexican style.

"The Day of the Dead" is a celebration in Latin America that rejoices and celebrates the dead. The students wanted to be able to use their artistic talents to bring a Latino touch to Columbia," said Madeline Roman-Vargas, Latina cultural affairs office.

On November 1 and 2, the Hokin Annex will be the location of the "Days of the Dead".

The Latinos and Unidos Now in the Arts (L.U.N.A.), an organization that educates the students about Latino culture and what is going on in Latin America is working with Ahora to bring this Mexican custom to Columbia College.

The reception will open on Wednesday, October 29th at the Hokin Annex. The exhibit will stay until November 3rd.

"I felt this was an important thing to introduce to Columbia because it is a part of my culture," said Rosie, a senior and chief organizer of the "Day of the Dead".

The Day of the Dead of Dia de Muerta is a celebration of remembrance for loved ones that have passed within the year. According to Mexican tradition, the souls of the dead return home to visit their homes and burial sites. The ancient belief is that the souls of the dead need food and other items to assist them in their journey to the beyond.

An ofrenda is an altar erected for a departed loved one that is decorated with homemade items that was favored by the dead. Photographs, flowers, special ceremonial bread, and meals are among some of the items that decorate the altar.

In actuality, The Day of the Dead is really the Days of the Dead. This is because on the first day, it is believed that children's souls come back and the second day is when adult souls return.

The Mexican Fine Arts Museum, located at 1852 W. 19th St., has an alter exhibit running from Sept. 26 - Dec. 7, Tues.-Sun. from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

CLASSIFIEDS

NO SELLING

Looking for people to interview customers of Fortune 500 clients. \$8 for good attendance, \$9.50 for excellent performance, higher pay on weekends. Flexible hours. Located steps from Chicago & Franklin "L" stop. Call Today! (312) 640-2563

Earn \$750-\$1500/ Week

Raise all the money your group needs by sponsoring a VISA fundraiser on your campus. No investment & very little time needed. There's no obligation, so why not call for information today. Call 1-800-323-8454 x 95.

ARE YOU FRESH?

Taza means fresh. We are looking for fun, energetic, team oriented people for the hottest new restaurant concept in Chicago. Full and Part-time, all positions, flexible hours with great remuneration. Apply in person. 39 S. Wabash, Monday thru Friday 10a.m-4 p.m.

8MM PHOTO EQUIPMENT FOR SALE:

Camera, projector, editor, screen and table. \$300 or best offer. Call Bob or Lu at (708) 867-6620.

EXTRA INCOME '97

Earn \$200-\$500 weekly mailing travel brochures. For more information send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

Seabreeze Travel
P.O. Box 0188,
Miami, FL 33261

FREE T-SHIRT + \$1,000

Credit Card fundraisers for fraternities, sororities & groups. Any campus organization can raise up to \$1,000 by earning a whopping \$5.00/VISA application.

Call 1-800-932-0528 ext 65.

Qualified callers receive **FREE T-SHIRT**.



(speak easy)

Get AT&T One Rate. FREE.

And don't worry about the time or the distance.

free
from
AT&T

Choose AT&T Long Distance and sign up for AT&T One Rate. Free. You'll also get a free one-year membership to Student Advantage®—the largest student discount program ever.

- AT&T One Rate: only 15¢ a minute on calls from home—to anybody, anytime, anywhere in the U.S.
- Student Advantage: use your card to get special offers and up to 50% off every day at thousands of your favorite neighborhood places and national sponsors—like Kinko's®, Tower Records® and Amtrak®.

Get AT&T One Rate
and a Student Advantage membership. FREE.
Call 1-800-878-3872
or visit www.att.com/college/np.html

It's all within your reach.



Student Advantage offer valid for AT&T Residential Long Distance customers. © 1997 AT&T

It's 'Boogie' Time

Mark Wahlberg shows his true talents in 'Boogie Nights'

By Rob England

Wanna-be porn superstar

To the dismay of most filmmakers and conservatives, the porn film industry once had a creative heyday. In the mid-to-late '70s adult film thrived in the near-mainstream, playing in movie houses in most major cities.

To the dismay of most musicians and others with ears, a pseudo-rapper named Marky Mark also once had a heyday. A New Kids On the Block spin-off, he scored musically (and otherwise) with his "Good Vibrations" and bad boy image.

So according to the old adage about two wrongs making a right, "Boogie Nights" seems doomed from the beginning. But director Paul Thomas Anderson's epic drama is not a porn movie, nor is it a Marky Mark music video. It is a complicated, timeless epic about a young man's coming-of-age, and the family that helps him through it.

At the base of "Boogie Nights" is Eddie Adams (Wahlberg), a dishwasher with a John Holmes-like endowment who is plucked from obscurity by adult film guru Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds). Eddie becomes superstar Dirk

Diggler and experiences the highs and lows of celebritydom while spending his time both on screen and off with his co-stars.

This is not just another porn film crew, though. This is a porn family. Jack's house serves not only as the set for many of his movies, but also provides those who have left home behind, like Dirk, with a surrogate family. Horner and porn diva Amber Waves (Julianne Moore) serve as parental figures for Dirk, Rollergirl (an otherwise nameless character who does everything with her skates

on, played by Heather Graham) and any other ensemble member in need of guidance. They're just your average family, except that the son sleeps with his mother and sister (only on film, though, a good money shot is never wasted through extracurricular sex), and mother-daughter bonding is done while snorting cocaine. But the family that plays together stays together, right?

It is this family, and all the issues that come with

family, that are at the heart of "Boogie Nights." It is not a film about porn, or the porn industry. Instead the porn industry serves as a backdrop for this coming-of-age family drama.

"Boogie Nights" is a coming out of sorts for Mark Wahlberg. As the naive suburban kid with dreams of superstardom, Wahlberg fits the role as well as he fits into his Calvins. But the territory isn't all too unfamiliar. Like fellow musician Courtney Love in "The People

Vs. Larry Flynt," Wahlberg portrays a character with startling similarities to his own, only far more exaggerated. The life of Dirk Diggler is hauntingly close to the real life of Marky Mark and his rise from obscurity to his plummet from the marquee. But just as Diggler sees the error of his ways, so has Wahlberg, proving his talent is real.

Adding to Wahlberg's vibrant contribution is Burt Reynolds in the role he was born to play, and the role that may legitimize his

career. Not since "Deliverance" has Reynolds successfully acted on screen, and that was almost 30 years ago. He has yucked it up during many a performance, but his acting skills have never been displayed until now.

But the true star of "Boogie Nights" is writer/director Anderson. In only his second film (last year's "Hard Eight" was his first), Anderson has created an intricate script with an abundance of characters and managed to bring each one to life. With only a few minor exceptions,

each character is fully developed and their beliefs challenged in an atmosphere that exploits the human form while striving for legitimacy.

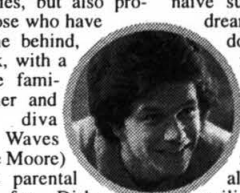
Anderson proves he's a master with the camera, mixing classical cinema elements with the latest trends.

In one scene, William H. Macy's character Little Bill is pushed to the near-brink after he finds his porn-star wife (played by real life porn star Nina Hartley) openly performing at a party. As

he walks away he is confronted by his camera man. While the two discuss an up-coming shoot, they serve as bookends for the actions of Macy's wife, who continues to perform in the distance.

Then there's Anderson's use of cutting edge camera techniques. Instead of using the polished Hollywood-style cut during conversations in scenes, Anderson freely swings the camera between subjects, often creating blurry motion. It is this motion that helps move the picture along, making its two-and-a-half hours fly by.

Like fellow filmmaker Quentin Tarantino, Anderson has blended script and direction to near perfection. But like Tarantino, Anderson and his film will likely be snubbed come Oscar time due to its extreme setting. The film, script and the performances of Wahlberg and Reynolds are all worthy of nominations, but people's general fears of sex or anything related to sex, will keep "Boogie Nights" from getting the praise it deserves. But "Boogie Nights" isn't just sex, it's the promising future of filmmaking.



Above, the entire cast of "Boogie Nights." Outside (from top left, clockwise) stars Mark Wahlberg, Julianne Moore, John C. Reilly and Heather Graham.

The man who sold the world, and sold out the Aragon

By Andrew J. Bradley
Staff Writer

Thirty years ago, long before electronic music was a fad and rock music was still considered a baby, a man of many faces began to create what could be considered the blueprint for the music of today.

On Oct. 17 at the Aragon Ballroom, David Bowie showed a crowd of enthusiastic fans that despite his many changes throughout the years, he still is one of the greatest performers of all time.

Bowie presented fans with a two-and-a-half-hour show consisting of 24 songs. The set ranged from material dating back to the beginning of his career to current material from his latest release "Earthling."

Bowie opened the show with an acoustic performance of "Quicksand," setting the stage for the evening. He was then joined by his band which featured Reeves Gabriels, formerly of Bowie's band Tin Machine, on guitar.

With the hungry crowd of spectators at his feet, Bowie led his band through a performance of "The Supermen," an obscure number dating back to his beginnings. The guitar riff used in the song was created by Jimmy Page, formerly of Led Zeppelin, when he and Bowie were session musicians in Britain.

While a show consisting

of work created throughout Bowie's musical career definitely could have stood on its own, he treated the crowd to cover versions of "Waiting for the Man" and "White Light, White Heat" by The Velvet Underground. Hearing these two songs performed by Bowie proved that he's not afraid to gamble. While many performers would stick with their well-known hits, Bowie performed many obscure, rare numbers during the course of the night.

That's not to say that he didn't perform any of the classic songs that made him a household name. He performed such hits as "Fame" and "Panic in Detroit," as well as "The Jean Genie" and "Fashion" towards the end of the performance. He also performed a rendition of "The Man Who Sold the World," which has come to be best known via Nirvana's "Unplugged" version.

Bowie's collaboration with the band Queen was brought back to life as he and bassist Gail Ann Dorsey presented a duet of "Under Pressure," displaying both performers' opera-esque singing abilities.

Of course, no David Bowie performance would be complete without the array of visual effects he has been known to present. The stage, draped in white sheets, captured video images as an ensemble of lasers and strobe lights, pulsed. Three mannequins,

bearing resemblance to Bowie and his band, mouthed the words to songs as they performed. One of the more frightening elements of the stage set-up was a pair of giant balloon eyeballs that watched the crowd during the performance.

While the performance was an overwhelming spectacle, it did hit its lows with the new material. The electronically enhanced, drum and bass oriented material did not possess the flair and emotion contained in older numbers. Material from Bowie's latest album, "Earthling," gave the performance a notable space-age feel with its moody, electronic sound, but it seemed to be in need of that old Bowie magic.

For his grand finale, he once again turned to his classic material, performing "All the Young Dudes," in its entirety, thus wrapping up the North American leg of his "Earthling Tour."

While watching Bowie glare across the room that night, I noticed something. If one were to look close enough while he was performing all those classic numbers during the course of the night, it's almost like seeing his various stage roles, such as the Thin White Duke and Ziggy Stardust, briefly brought back to life. That is where the true performance was.

Chicagoland's haunted haunts

By Kat Zeman
Staff Writer

It is that bloodcurdling time of year when ghosts, graveyards, vampires, zombies and other walking dead begin roaming Chicago, lurking in the darkness and waiting patiently for their time of revenge on Hallows Eve. Since you, a flesh and blood weakling with no powers, can't outrun them, you might as well join them at the numerous haunted places in Chicago this fall.

Now through Nov. 2, you may find some of these creatures at the Navy Pier Haunted Sea. Take a tour, if you dare, through the "Underwater Haunted House," and adventure on a haunted ship with pirates, ghosts, sea serpents, and find the lost treasure. The Pier's reflecting pool has been transformed into a graveyard for abandoned ships. Free entertainment by various kinds of ghouls takes place on the shipwrecked stage. You may even want to dress up and enter their Halloween costume contests or go on an exciting hayride through the Haunted Pier. If you're a pumpkin freak, there are pumpkin carving demonstrations every Saturday and Sunday. Can't put on your own make-up? No problem, Halloween face painting is also available for ingrates.

Perhaps you're more of the romantic type, wanting to wine-n-dine and breathe the fabulously polluted air that mother Chicago has to offer. Well, no problem here either. You can sail the Navy Pier's 30-minute haunted cruise with that special someone in your arms.

For those who want a little bit more cultural diversity this month, there is the Mexican Fine Arts Museum's celebration of "Dia de los Muertos," located at 1852 W. 19th St., from Sep. 5 through Dec. 7. The Mexican holiday of the Day of the Dead is an ancient tradition where families actually go to the cemetery, bring food and picnic with their dead relatives as a means of reuniting and remembering the dead. Visiting the museum will give you a different perspective on celebrating Halloween and an interesting viewpoint of celebrating the dead. See the sugar dolls, candles and other various props that are an essential part of the celebration.

Chicago is also celebrating the 4th Annual Halloween Haunted Forest at Caldwell Woods, 6200 W. Devon Ave., and the Dan Ryan Woods, 87th & Western. Don't be shy! For only \$5 you can be scared out of your wits by real, walking, screaming and howling ghosts. It's a 10-minute stroll through a forest. Who knows, maybe you'll discover a couple of dead bodies under the leaves, stop and chat with a werewolf about the need to preserve the environment or enter the umbra of the supernatural world. Okay, you probably won't get into the umbra being a mortal and all, but you may like the gruesome stroll anyway.

Now, for those serious students who are above this little kids stuff, because of their great intellect and wisdom, there is the "Tales of Madness and Revenge." The Clark House, 1800 S. Prairie Ave., has designed a little something for the lovers of literature and theatre on Hallows Eve. Local actors will be performing this Hallows Eve drama to celebrate their 11th annual Edgar Allen Poe Readings. These will be portrayals of Poe in the historic house museum and the audience is encouraged to wear costumes. Admission is \$16 for the general public and reservations are required.

So, now that you know of all the "spookies" you can do this week, get moving! Don't stay trapped in your own house of Usher but get out there and surrender to the children of darkness.

A NEW KIND OF ENEMY.
A NEW KIND OF WAR.

A PAUL VERHOEVEN FILM

STARSHIP TROOPERS

TRISTAR PICTURES AND TOUCHSTONE PICTURES PRESENT A JON DAVISON PRODUCTION A PAUL VERHOEVEN FILM STARSHIP TROOPERS CASPER VAN DIEN DINA MEYER DENISE RICHARDS
JAKE BUSEY NEIL PATRICK HARRIS PATRICK MULDOON AND MICHAEL IRONSIDE MUSIC BY BASIL POLEDOURIS CREATURE VISUAL PHIL TIPPETT SPACESHIP VISUAL SCOTT E. ANDERSON
EFFECTS BY AMALGAMATED DYNAMICS INC. KEVIN YACHER BASED ON THE BOOK BY ROBERT A. HEINLEIN SCREENPLAY BY ED NEUMEIER PRODUCED BY ALAN MARSHALL JON DAVISON DIRECTED BY PAUL VERHOEVEN



RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

AT THEATRES NOVEMBER 7

SDS
READ THE BERKLEY BOOK



www.sony.com



Touchstone Pictures

Sara on Sports

By Sara Willingham
Sports Columnist



Dennis Rodman, D.R., the Doctor of Death, or as he would prefer it: ORGASM! Honestly, he told ESPN's Chris Meyer that he wanted to change his name to Orgasm. Well, the Queen of Drag has suffered from a brief spell of contract-phobia. Poor, little Dennis freaked-out about his agreement with the highly-compliant Bulls, and actually threatened to retire from the game!

As a matter of fact, Orgasm will have announced his decision—to play or not to play—by the time this is printed.

And you know what? I really don't give a damn whether Dennis Rodman plays with the Bulls this year or not.

I know that's a bold statement to make, but so what. I think that Orgasm gets-off on the nation-wide attention (no pun intended). He gets chills when he thinks about the headlines in tomorrow's paper. Frankly, he's a publicity-slut. He thinks he's the Darth Vader of the NBA, when he's really more like Dark Helmet. Taking Orgasm seriously is like swallowing a Jerry Springer newscast...for the most part, it can't be done.

However, as a person who ALWAYS sees the positive aspects about things (yeah, right), I do, in fact, realize that the latest Rodman-stunt of threatened retirement has been a good thing, in that it has taken attention away from the poor performances of the Bulls during the pre-season. I am relieved that people haven't been blowin'-a-bunch-of crap about the Bulls not winning another Championship. I half-way credit Rodman for deterring the efforts of the local paparazzi. Maybe Orgasm is really smarter than I thought!

Or even more realistically, maybe the general public hasn't expressed their concerns simply because Michael had in-grown toenail surgery (that's gross, even if it is MJ's toe), and Scottie's out with ped-probs as well.

Speaking of Pippen's foot...I heard the most ridiculous theory as to why the surgery to alleviate Scottie's ailment was avoided until the start of the pre-season. Get a load of this: one delirious fan actually theorized that Pippen himself postponed the surgery TO GET BACK AT THE BULLS FOR INSULTING HIM BY NOT EXTENDING HIS CONTRACT!

Holy cow! That's a crazy thought, but come to think of it, if I were Scottie, I'd want Reinsdorf to know what it's like comparing the Bulls with the help of #33, and the Bulls without #33. And believe me, Scott Burrell is not necessarily powerful evidence for the anti-Pippen campaign, if you know what I mean.

Just when the season is looking bleak (as it already is), Scottie will jump off the bench with a clear mind, rested body, and determined heart. He'll scoop up the lagging emotions of Michael's pupils and re-group the Championship defenders for yet another riveting run at the title. Huh, maybe Scottie is really smarter than I thought!

Well, the Bulls lost to the 76ers last week, and as Steve Kerr said, "It was ugly." I doubt that ugly even comes close to describing the loss to a team who has struggled for years. But, just when you think, as a dedicated Chicago athletic supporter, (I meant to say that!) that there's no hope left, ALL five of our stinkin' teams are terrible.

HERE COME THE HAWKS THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS! Hallelujah! They won two whole games last week against the Buffalo Sabers and the New York Rangers. My goodness—they have actually set a winning-streak! (For those of you who have forgotten what a winning streak is, it's a series of games won consecutively with no losses in between). OK, so a two-game winning streak isn't exactly Stanley Cup material, but hell, Eric Daze has been on fire, and the Hawks just acquired a new center, Greg Johnson. No, Greg is not a big name, but hopefully he'll be able to use his speed to get Daze the puck more often while he's in scoring position.

I'm not real sure if you had the opportunity to watch the Rangers game last week, but a freak accident occurred that involved The Great One's better half. Two players skated into the boards during the game, shoving an entire pane of the glass into the stands. It just so happened that Janet Jones, Wayne Gretzky's wife was sitting on the other side of the pane of glass. She was knocked into unconsciousness immediately from the glass. It turns out that she re-gained consciousness before she arrived at the hospital, and her injuries were fairly minor.

Well, the point of my story is not that Gretzky's wife got hurt, it was a fan's comment after the game that outraged me. At a local radio station, a caller called into the show and actually said, "...about Gretzky's wife, shouldn't she be at home cookin' dinner and takin' care of the kids anyhow?"

God knows that I'm not a feminist, but excuse me, that man is an a--hole!

I decided not to let his ignorance get to me because he's probably just jealous of her seats on the glass, and I'm sure his life is miserable anyway.

The Bears will have played Miami Sunday, or maybe tonight, or Tuesday... You see, depending on the final games of the World Series, the Bears will play the Dolphins. I'm guessing that the Bears will win (yes, I said win). Jimmy Johnson or no Jimmy Johnson, it's simply the Bears time to win a damn game. Plus, we got about five injured players rested-up and healthy, and ready to go. Nonetheless, it'll be a good game.

I know I promised some baseball talk this week, but it'll have to wait until next week. Besides, we might as well sit back, see what happens, and keep prayin' for the Fish! I'm not necessarily a Marlins fan, but I like Leyland, and more importantly, I detest the Indians. Make sure you watch the final stretch of the Series, because it truly has been some of the best baseball in a long time.

See you next week!

One, two, three strikes... Is baseball out?

David Rawske
Correspondent

Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Aaron, Jackie Robinson, Sandy Koufax, Brooks Robinson, I could go on and on. These are just a few American heroes who have given us the glorious game of baseball. This was an era that displayed true character, sportsmanship and appreciation from pre-season game one to the final out of the Fall Classic. There were no ridiculous clauses in contracts that pampered players into pulling themselves from the field unless the game bared some significant value. No, these days entertained us with the same players day-in and day-out; they would not have considered this an option. The game was a game, not a business. This was a time when supporting "your" team meant following them through thick and thin.

Following a team now seems to be more disappointing than ever because of this new era of free agency. This has got to be the biggest factor in the downfall of baseball. Let it be known that this is not only the players faults, but also the owners. If owners could have proven in the past that their players meant something to their respective franchise, players would have, and would now, feel comfortable and respected in their environments. They would feel no need to market themselves all over the league for inconceivable dollars. One of the greatest examples of this is the Atlanta Braves. Ted Turner has shown that even in these times, showing players respect and making them feel welcome in an organization will have bearing on the longevity of their stay. On the opposite end of the spectrum, we have George Steinbrenner, who has proven to be one of the Hitlers of baseball. His militant ways would scare Babe Ruth out of his grave.

Baseball was once a day for dad and his son to go to the old ballpark, grab some dogs, cotton candy and fantasize about the possibility of a foul ball coming your way at every crack of the bat. Now going to the ballpark has been converted into, what I like to call, a Mallpark. It's ludicrous attempts of increasing food, ticket and souvenir prices now inhibit many families from participating in this great tradition. The White Sox fall sucker in this category. This obnoxious, oversized, sky box-infested mallpark they would like to consider a beautiful ballpark, is living proof.

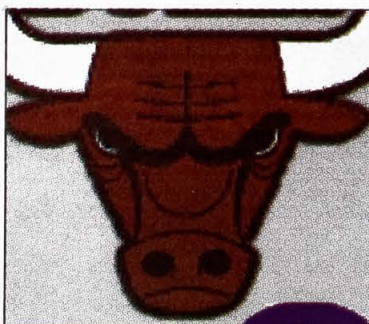
"Son, I think I'm going to grab a quick massage between innings, do you need anything while I'm up?" It's sad, but very true. Or how about a cappuccino to compliment that white zinfandel. What ever happened to brats and beers? No, now owners and players have done the unthinkable. All this added bull is a weak attempt of teams to find new means to pay salaries and mortgage loans that have been taken out to build these new ballparks.

Oh yeah, whatever happened to fan appreciation. Now we need to have certain days picked out on the regular season when we are rewarded with some cheap magnet advertising from the team that we support. Appreciation, gratefulness, acknowledgement, gratitude, recognition. Ever hear of these values, Albert Belle?

Let it be known that I happen to be a fan of this \$55 million dollar investment, but I can't sit here and pretend that there is no reasoning to Belle's continuous silence and shallowness towards his young fans. Chicago is a town where sports heroes are enshrined, so why can't these players pay homage by simply giving one small tip of the cap. It's really not asking much. But I guess money has a wierd way of

turning many into pre-madonnas.

It should not go without saying that the guys who built this great tradition should be thanked. They provided inspiration, happiness and affordable entertainment for less than deserved money. The money was not what drove these great legends to participate, but rather their continuing NEED to play the game that they truly loved. Nowadays, Major League Baseball is having a difficult time filling up seats. This World Series proves that baseball has taken a huge wound since the strike that may never be mended. The ratings for this World Series are the lowest ever in the history of this event. All this for two of the largest budgets in the league. Back in the days of old, it didn't matter who made it to the big "show," but rather how one went about getting the opportunity to see it. Baseball fans, you know as well as I do, that there is still hope for the game, so long as players like Ryne Sandberg, Cal Ripken and Ken Griffey continue to set examples. But, if the trends continue to go the way they are, baseball could soon lose a significant amount of fans. Maybe I'm a bit too traditional, but I don't want to witness one of the greatest upsets, or should I say upsets, of sports history—the loss of America's pastime.



The Chronicle
has Chicago's
teams covered
on the web.



www5.interaccess.com/chronicle